

Missiskoui Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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POETRY.

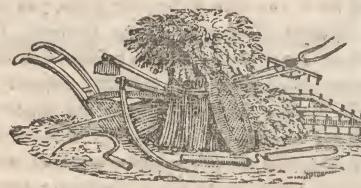
THE BRIGHT LITTLE NEEDLE.

BY WOODWORTH.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excellency
In waltz or cotillion—at whilst or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vaunting and telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home & its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art,
The bright little needle—the swift little needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman, ever resistless and true—
A charm that never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
'Tis this—and his armor never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart,
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnish'd,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart.
Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,
By dressing for conquest, & flirting with all;
You never, whatever be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at route or at ball,
As gaily convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

AGRICULTURAL.



From Chaptal's Chemistry applied to Agriculture.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE SOIL.

(Concluded.)

FALLOWING.

The custom of allowing lands to lie fallow after having produced several harvests, has descended from the remotest antiquity, and is still followed in the greatest part of Europe. It has been thought necessary, that land after having been exhausted by two or three successive crops should be allowed to rest, or to remain in fallow during one or two years, in order that it might have time to recover its strength, or productive virtue. The necessity for rest, imposed by nature upon all animals after continued action, undoubtedly gave rise to this practice; and though the supposed analogy between living bodies, and those that are not so, has no rational foundation, yet it has confirmed the custom of fallowing which arose from it.

However, I am far from believing that this was the only cause for the adoption of the method of which I am speaking; I believe that it may be attributed to the want of hands for performing the labor of constant cultivation; or to the impossibility of nourishing a sufficient number of animals to furnish the necessary manures.

The extent to which the cultivation of lands should be carried, ought always to be in proportion to the population to be fed by its products. It is to be presumed, that when the globe had fewer inhabitants, the settlements were made in those spots where the soil was most fertile, and that when these were exhausted, they removed elsewhere; but when property came to be divided and marked out, each cultivator confined his labors to such a portion of land as would supply his wants; so that when it was sufficient to cultivate one-quarter, or one third of his territory, he allowed the rest to remain untilled.

Fallowing has according to this view of the subject arisen from necessity. We know with certainty that the crops in gardens surrounding dwellings may be multiplied and continued indefinitely, by means of tilling and manuring; but the necessity for this is not felt, as long as the produce is sufficient for consumption, and when the expense attending the means of procuring an increase, beyond that would be so much clear loss.

In proportion as population has increased, lands have been cleared up, and cultivation extended & improved; so that production has always kept pace with consumption. As the wants of society permit fallowing less at this time than formerly, it has begun to disappear, especially where those wants are most pressing; and more particularly, when there is an assured pros-

pect of an advantageous market for agricultural productions.

Fallowing was necessary as long as grains only, all of which exhaust the soil, were cultivated; during the intervals of tilling the fields, a variety of herbs grew in them, afforded food for animals, and the roots of which when buried in the soil by the plough, furnished a great part of the necessary manure. But at this day, when we have succeeded in establishing the cultivation of a great variety of roots and artificial grasses, the system of fallowing can no longer be supported by the shadow of a good reason.

The scarcity of dung occasioned by the limited number of cattle that could be maintained upon a farm, caused the custom of fallowing to be continued; but the ease with which fodder may be cultivated furnishes the means of supporting an increased number of animals; these in their turn supply manure and labor; and the farmer is no longer under the necessity of allowing his lands to lie fallow.

ARTIFICIAL GRASS LANDS, THE BASIS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

Artificial grass lands ought now to be considered as forming the basis of agriculture; these furnish fodder, the fodder supports cattle, and the cattle furnish manure, labor, and all the means necessary to a thorough system of cultivation.

The suppression of the practice of fallowing is then equally serviceable to the cultivator, who increases his production without proportionally increasing his expenses, and so society, which derives from the same extent of soil a much greater quantity of food, and additional resources for supplying the work-shops of the manufacturer.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

A great advantage has arisen from the system of a rotation of crops, which has succeeded that of fallowing.

By skilfully arranging a succession of crops of grain, artificial fodder leguminous plants, roots, &c.

the earth is enriched, instead of being impoverished;

the ground is cleansed from weeds, and more abundant crops are obtained at a less expense.

During those years when certain fodders, such as clover, sainfoin, and trefoil, require no other care than that of harvesting them, the farmer can bestow all his attention, manures, and the labor of his cattle, upon such other portions of his farm as may need amelioration; so that, instead of having one-third of his land lying as an unproductive fallow, it may be covered with herbage affording the finest food for cattle. The soil will be growing richer, instead of poorer, and may be prepared for raising grain, without the addition of any manure.

A BAD PRACTICE COMMENTED ON.

What has contributed the most towards confining French agriculture to that state of mediocrity, from which neither the examples nor the writings of many enlightened theoretical farmers have been able to raise it, is the passion for cultivating too large an extent of land, with limited powers as to its arrangement. Where all the land is sown without any portion of it being properly prepared, the ground is exhausted instead of being improved by cultivation. The farmer, who takes land upon lease, has no interest in endeavoring to make it better, because the shortness of the lease does not permit him to enjoy the fruit of his labor; he is forced to reap from the land all it will produce.

Instead of including in his plans of cultivation a space of ground disproportioned to the means which are at his disposal, the intelligent farmer will at first occupy himself only with such a portion of his land as will be sufficient for his cattle, his manures, and his improvements; when this has been brought into a good state of cultivation, and a regular succession of crops established upon it, he can carry his amendments over successive portions, till in a few years, the whole soil may be brought to yield every thing which it is capable of producing. But it is only by long leases, that a farmer can be enabled to pursue a method so wise and so secure; and long leases would be in all respects as much for the interest of the proprietor as of the farmer.

As the estate which I own is very extensive, I have not hesitated to set apart from my regular rotation of crops, about two hundred and fifty acres of land of middling quality, which had every year been manured equally with my best lands, but which had yielded but poor returns. This great extent of land is now laid down to grass, and serves as pasture for my cows, oxen, and sheep; every year I break up one-fifth part of it, and sow it with oats, rye, or barley, and the following year re-establish it as a grass land. I am convinced that this land would never have repaid me for the expense attendant upon raising from it successive crops of grain, roots, and legumes.

Important Discovery.—The Grain Fly.

It is well known that great ravages are every year made in different parts of our country, by the grain fly. The Rev. Henry Colman, of Meadowbanks, Mass. has recently communicated a very important paper on this subject to the New York Farmer. In his letter, this gentleman says:—"I have now the extraordinary happiness of announcing to the agricultural public, what there is reason to believe, will prove an effectual, as it is a reasonable and feasible preventive. Should it prove effectual, the remedy will be worth millions and millions of dollars to the country. It was communicated to me, on a late tour of agricultural inquiry and observation, by Dr. Eliabent Lyman, of Lancaster, N. H., an intelligent, enlightened and practical farmer, whose crop of wheat usually averages from 25 to 30 bushels per acre. It consists in the application of fine slack lime to the wheat just at the time of its heading out and flowering, at the rate of about a peck to the acre. It is sown broadcast upon the wheat while the dew is on, and the field is rendered white with it. The best mode of applying it is with the hand, and for the person who sows it, taking his proper breadth or cast, to walk backwards, so that he may not cover himself with the lime. It must be sown while the wheat is wet or the dew is on, and the philosophy of its application is very simple. The maggot of the fly is deposited between the grain and the stalk. It is, of course, an animal substance. The lime or alkali, mixing with the dew, is carried down upon, and neutralizes or destroys it. Dr. Lyman has now tried this preventive three successive years, and has invariably, as he assures me, saved his crops, while those of his neighbours have been destroyed.—Phil. Courier.

From the New York Constellation.

UNCLE ASA.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

The following story comes to us from a friend, who actually heard it related by the person and in the manner herein described. A few years ago, says he, having occasion to visit some lands in the northern part of this State, I left home in the month of February, taking my route in the stage coach from Albany on the western side of Lake Champlain, to the pleasant and thriving village of Plattsburgh. From thence I hired a sleigh and horse for Chateaugay, a distance of about forty miles; but owing to the heaviness of the roads, caused by a great fall of snow the preceding night, I was unable to proceed more than half the distance that day, and at about dark put up at an excellent log tavern. After throwing off my coat and outer garments, I seated myself in the bar-room before a large wood fire, that might have served to roast an ox, and, while awaiting supper, amused myself by noticing the travellers who came in, and who, through the inclemency of the weather and the badness of the travelling, were compelled like myself to shorten their day's journey.

Among the number who arrived, was an old man on foot, with a powder horn at his belt and a gun on his shoulder, who attracted my particular attention. He had all the quickness of motion and keenness of eye, that denote the hunter. He was also known to all the household and to some of the travellers, who accosted him with the appellation of 'Uncle ASA,' asking such questions and making such remarks as showed him a general favorite. He appeared to be about 60 years of age, tall, well set, and exhibiting one of those iron frames that almost defy time to impair its strength or activity, however it may destroy the comeliness of youth. On his entrance he deposited his gun in the bar for safe keeping, and after many congratulations on the part of his numerous friends, he seated himself by the fire, called for a mug of cider, and taking from his wallet his provisions, commenced making his evening meal with an appetite an alderman might have envied.

About this time my supper was announced as being ready in another room... and here let me do justice to this meal as served up in a country tavern. It was excellent, consisting of such substantial dishes as might well stay the appetite sharpened by the cold and a long ride, and I, with the other travellers, did ample justice to it. Having despatched this important affair, I returned to the bar-room and found a circle formed round the fire, with Uncle ASA in the centre relating some of his many adventures in hunting.—Room being made for me, for a stranger is always cordially received on such occasions.... I joined the circle and listened to the following story, which, from the manner of the narrator and afterwards from the assurances of the landlord, who was a very intelligent man, and well acquainted with

Uncle ASA, as also with the wilds of the country, I believe to be true.

About thirty five years ago I moved into this country, which was then nearly a wilderness, no settlements having been made excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall I had built a log house and temporary stables for my cattle... had put into the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child—for I was married... were all my family... neighbors there were none nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting and amusements were almost entirely out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter I had ample time to gratify my love of hunting, for which I have always had a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel,... which you may imagine was not difficult when the trees stood at my door—and taking care of the few cattle I was then owner of. It was one day I think in the fore part of December, when having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun—the same that now stands in the bar... and told my wife that I would on my return please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are even now very plenty in this part of the country, but then they were much more so, so that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised.

I took my departure about north-west course from my cabin, which led me direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north, it drifted much in the openings: yet this I thought was in my favor, as the noise made among the trees by the wind, prevented the game from hearing my approach in 'still hunting.' But I was mistaken in my calculations, for I had travelled five or six miles from home and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them, but they were always upon the run and at too great a distance, and all the tracks I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during that day. I was then a young hunter, but I have since learnt that this animal is always on the move and generally runs throughout windy days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck with the singular appearance of a large stub twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface, I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons or martins which probably had a den in it, as from its appearance I judged it was hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up, its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it and ascertain what was within. My gun and coat were deposited in a secure place, and being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, I found the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day you observe was dark and cloudy, and looking down the hollow I fancied I could see the bottom at no great distance, but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth I concluded I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole, lowered myself gradually, expecting every moment my feet would come in contact with some animal or the foot of the hollow, but feeling nothing I unthinkingly continued letting myself down until my head and hands and my whole person were completely within the centre of the stub.

At this moment a sudden and strange fear came over me; I know not for what cause for I am not naturally timid—it seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation such as is experienced in dreams under the effect of the night-mare. Rendered desperate by my feelings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood, to which I was holding, treacherously gave way and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was kept in so narrow a tube and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss, dried leaves and other soft substances, I sustained little or no injury from so great a fall, nor were my clothes but little deranged in my descent, owing to the smoothness of the surface from long use by the animals ascending and descending to and from their den—for a den I found to be.

After my fright, I had time to examine the interior—all was dark, and putting out my hands to feel my way, they came in contact with the cold nose of some beast and then with the fur, which I immediately knew was that of a half grown cub or young bear. Continuing to examine, I ascertained that there were three or four of those animals, which aroused by the noise I made in my descent came around and smelt of me, uttering a moaning noise, taking me at first no doubt, for their dam, but after a little examination, snuffing and snorting as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss, and left me to my own trouble and gloomy reflections.... I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular and on the ground was five or six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing at the height of seven or eight feet to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in the hopes of working my way out, as a chimney sweeper might have done if that had been practicable were fruitless. My escape in this way was therefore impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let out my body, with a small pocket knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of weeks and even months, as from the examinations I had made of both the exterior and interior I knew it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon I possessed, and one hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an instrument, and even if I succeeded in killing the bear, which was not to be expected,... my case would be equally hopeless, for I should only exchange a sudden death for one if possible even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst.... for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drifts, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit.

My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. I thought of my cheerful home, my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time expecting my return, for the shades of evening were fast approaching. These and many other such thoughts rushed through my mind, and which way soever they were turned you may suppose they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreck my feelings upon the cubs by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act.... as they could be of no service to me then... prevented me. Yes I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is when he feels he would willingly himself be an object of mercy from others.

Two hours had probably elapsed, and to me two of the longest I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illuminated the gloom of the den from above was gone. I looked up and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at that moment were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy, and preparing for attack. I thought my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having by her acute organs of smell, discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my situation, I had opened my knife, and held it ready in my hand for the encounter, come when it would.... I now therefore braced myself for the death grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent.

Bears always descend in the same manner as they ascend trees, that is the head is always upwards, consequently, her most assailable, or rather least formidable part was opposed to me. A thought quick as lightning rushed through my mind that escape was possible, and that the bear might furnish the means. No time could be afforded, nor was necessary for deliberation.

Just as she reached that part where the hollow widened, and by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring and caught hold firmly with both hands of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which in this close den sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear... and she was a powerful one—taken by surprise, and unable to get at me, and frightened too at the hideous and appalling noise made, scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight I found was

no small impediment to her; for when about half way up, I perceived she began to lag, and notwithstanding my continued screaming, at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength to proceed. Knowing my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I held my knife, driving it to the haft in her flesh, and redoubling the noise I had already made. The pain and her fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the top of the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my miraculous escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods about 9 o'clock in the evening.

As it was growing late, Uncle Asa said he would not continue the story how he afterwards killed the old bear, whose skin remunerated him in part for his flight, nor how he caught all the cubs alive, of which he made a good penny, nor how he afterwards amply redeemed his pledge to his wife by bringing in more than one deer in a day for the one he had promised her the day he fell into Bruin's den.

* Our Neighbors have their eyes on us.
From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

LOWER CANADA.

We perceive that a contemporary in Montreal, in referring to some remarks made by us a few days since on the subject of the present state of affairs in Lower Canada, takes exception to the general terms in which we spoke of the French Canadians as a party, and alleges, the 'French Canadians' are now no longer a single party; though till lately they have been. They are divided, and a part only of them are adherents to Papineau. How large that part may be, there have not yet been sufficient means of judging. That is very far from being the whole, we have had of late abundant proof, in the disregard they have generally shown to all the spells of their once successful leader. The old lines of party distinction are fast wearing away, and newer, and we trust happier party combinations, forming.'

This may be correct for aught we know. It is a question which those on the spot can best decide. We have no disposition

We do not believe the people of the United States are by any means prepared to fraternise with either; and it is mainly with the view of assisting to undeceive the citizens of both countries with respect to the supposed sympathy of our people with the proceedings of the agitators in the British and Mexican provinces that we have any thing to say.

The people of the two Canadas may think themselves aggrieved, and we know not but they may be to some slight extent, but it is our settled opinion that they enjoy as much political happiness and prosperity as most people under the sun, and that they cannot gain any thing by running after the travelling agitator Papineau. We

have no such idea, at any rate, that he is

the man to meliorate their condition even if it has any reasonable claim for melioration.

We have no sympathies for the imaginary distresses conjured up for the Canadians by demagogues,—nor do we believe there is any such sympathy felt for them by the people of the United States.

We are aware that certain officious presses,

which have always held themselves in

readiness to do any thing that could give

them a little ephemeral notoriety, have

held out the idea to the Canadians that the

people of these states felt great fraternity

for them, and that they were anxious to re-

ceive the British provinces into the confed-

eracy. The Canadians will do well to

disregard all such declarations. No such

feeling is entertained in the United States,

and the people of Canada will find them-

selves wretchedly deceived in any anticipa-

tions of the sort. We have nothing but

good feeling for our brethren in those pro-

vinces, and if they think their grievances

bitter enough to call for a forcible separa-

tion from the mother country, we shall

wish them well when they have accom-

plished their wishes, & established their in-

dependence; but they will find no disposi-

tion in the Americans of the United States

either to participate in their struggle, or

to take the revolted provinces into Copar-

tship after it has proved successful. Our

good feeling is quite as cordial for England

as it is for her North American provinces.

Such at least we believe to be the case, and

it is important for the Canadians to know

it. Neither Mr. Papineau, Mr. M'Ken-

zie or Mr. Daniel O'Connell have made

any lodgement in the partialities of our

people, so far as we can gather public op-

inion; and it is hardly worth while for

the revolutionists of Ireland or of Canada,

to place any dependence upon them in any

movements undertaken against the British

authorities.

We wish well to the Irish as a gallant

warm hearted race of men who deserve a

better destiny than has been allotted to

them, but we are not of those who believe

it likely to be rendered so by demagogues

—by the agitation of such men as Mr.

Daniel O'Connell. We have the same

feeling for our friends in Canada, but it

would be hard to convince us that Monsieur

Papineau is taking the proper course

to improve their condition. In truth, we

do not entirely agree with a morning con-

temporary on this subject, that the Cana-

dians would be right in revolutionizing the

colonies, even if such a movement were

practicable. We think we know enough

of their situation, to know that indepen-

dence of the mother country would bring

no blessing with it. Neither can we quite

agree with the Commercial Advertiser in

thinking that the Canadians have so much

to complain of. Sure we are, that they

will have much more cause for complaint

whenever they attain the object they ap-

pear to be so greedily seeking. The

The French population of Canada will rue the

day of their separation from Great Britain.

But, however, they may be, we warn them

most emphatically against the indulgence

of any such hope as their travelling orators

are endeavoring to incite, and a very

few newspapers on this side the lines

would fail confirm. There is no wish on

the part of the people of these States to

add the Canadas to our territory. Every

rational mind that allows itself to think on

this matter at all, is perfectly convinced of

the utter impolicy and danger of such a

measure, and the only marvel is, that any

individual connected with the public informal meeting,

but the above are certainly revolutionary

enough, as far as the letter goes. With re-

spect to the billing and coining to uncle

Sam, we 'rayther guess' that old gentle-

man will wait till he is asked, and not be

in a very tremendous hurry even then.

There are two sides to all questions...a

right and a wrong in every one's choice,

and advantages and disadvantages in all

bargains.—*New York Sun.*

We made a visit to Montreal, a few

days since, and understanding that a meet-

ing of the Loyalists was about to take place

in that city, and being quite at leisure, our

curiosity led us to the theatre of action.

The meeting was a very numerous one, &

it is due to the persons composing the vast

assembly, to say that it was in the main

conducted in a manner creditable to the

party who got it up. We never for a mo-

ment had our feelings enlisted in the politi-

cal differences which at present agitate the

Province of Lower Canada, and we speak

from knowledge when we say that the peo-

ple of this country feel so little interest in

the matter, that the subject is scarcely ev-

er spoken of. The truth is, that we do

not know, nor care what our Canada neigh-

hours are quarrelling about, and it is not

necessary that we should know, in as much

as we have neither the right nor the dispo-

sition to become a party in their quarrels.

—*Plattsburgh Republican.*

We are puzzled to understand what the

Lower Canada agitators under Papineau,

would be at. We don't see what they

propose to gain for themselves, unless it be

independence—a thing impracticable, situ-

ated as they are, and undesirable even if it

were practicable. They are, however, suf-

ficiently audacious—and the fact, that they

are indulged in such pranks without interfer-

ence from the Government, affords a

practicable demonstration that they possess

as much freedom as they can rationally de-

serve. The Government has been extremely forbearing towards them; but from some indications, we are induced to think its stock of patience is nearly exhausted. If the Papineau party have any secret expectation of aid from the United States, they will be disappointed. For besides that it is in every point of view for our interest to live at peace with Great Britain, our territory is already too large, and our population sufficiently diversified. We shall perform no crusades as propagandists of liberty, especially when we know that the parties pretending to be oppressed, are already free.—*New York Jour. of Com.*

Our Canadian Neighbors....There is ap-

parently some probability of a revolution in

the adjoining province. We believe there

is, in reality, very little danger that the

desired reform will be effected by the sword.

We think that no man of common sense

would rely upon the Canadian French for

support in a Rebellion against Great Brit-

ain or any other power. Rebellion looks

to us like infatuation. No doubt some

of the laws, customs and institutions of the

province ought to be abolished and new

ones introduced, and others greatly altered

and improved. We hope our neighbors

will not be obliged, or think they are

obliged to shed blood in the cause of Re-

form. Great Britain is doing nobly in the

work of Reform at home and abroad. We

have a good deal of confidence that she is

progressing about as fast in the work of

Reform, as the difficulties in her way will

permit. We do not believe that civil

war in Canada will advance the interests of

that province.—*Franklin Journal.*

again formed, the British colors in front, together with martial music, marched through Craigie and Day streets, and then separated in peaceable and quiet manner, which did great credit to the cause in which they were engaged.

A LOOKER ON.

Philippsburg, July 24th, 1837.

For the Mississquoi Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 33

How can people think and meditate, so as to acquire solid knowledge, when all the subjects of thought and meditation are brought before them in constant succession, with the rapidity of wave impelling wave? On board the Rail Car, propelled by steam, you can get no distinct idea of the fields over which you seem to fly, or of the trees and animals and houses of which you catch a glance, on account of the velocity of your motion. All is confusion. You pass them before you can form a distinct image of them in the mind. Just so with

two weekly papers, a Religious and a Newspaper, which has never been seen in relation to any country that had real, substantial cause for complaint. When the Poles and the Greeks rose up against their oppressors, they had the sympathy of all civilized nations. The complaints of our agitators are louder than ever were the complaints of the Greeks and the Poles. But have they the sympathy of other nations? What do all the journals of the United States, that have noticed our affairs at all, except one, say for their encouragement? They treat them as the complaints of spoiled children, and deny *in toto* that their grievances are identical with, or in any way similar to the grievances of the old colonies, and therefore they have no sympathy for them. Having understood that, in case of coming to a physical struggle, our revolutionists expect assistance from the States, the journals of the Republic, tell them plainly that their expectations will be vain. They do not want to have any thing to do with them. They have territory enough, and more States in the Union, they think, that are for their good. Had there been a real cause for complaint, would this have been the language of our neighbours, or any nation, with regard to an oppressed, suffering people? We know not. It never has been so, where oppression demanded sympathy.

J. R.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, AUGUST 1, 1837.

The London Morning Chronicle of 20th June, 1837, says:

'His Majesty expired about twenty minutes past three o'clock this morning. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, as were also several members of the King's family. Immediately after the decease the Arch Bishop left Windsor Castle for London.'

Thus died WILLIAM the IV. in the seventy second year of his age, after a reign short of seven years by only six days. His Majesty is succeeded by his niece, the PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, daughter of his late Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent. England was twice governed by females, Elizabeth, and Anne, and their reigns, as the pages of history bear record, prove that a lady may, by her talents and wisdom, reign prosperously, and make her dominions happy and respected. According to precedents, as followed at the demise of Geo. III. and Geo. IV. Our House of Assembly has died a natural death.

Some of our contemporaries, particularly L'Ami du Peuple, have at last noticed the celebration of American independence, held at the Upper Mills, Stanbridge, on the 4th July. We beg of all such of our friends as may choose to record any more of these proceedings to be very favorable to the Stanbridge meeting; for we do assure all his Majesty's good subjects that it was the best meeting, and had in it the best speeches that this part of the Townships had witnessed for a long time. Had a constitutional meeting been held in its place, it would not have availed that more than three fourths of the free-holders were present, and took an active part in the proceedings, and passed resolutions, not borrowed nor imported, but of their own making, and expressive of their own feelings and sentiments, still such a meeting would hardly have done so much good as the one that was held. These radicals, revolutionists and foul-mouthed orators appeared in naked, undisguised deformity, and, in a great measure, cured the evils which they had come together to promote. The three speeches delivered, led on by Mr. Brown of copper notoriety, and closed by an ir-reverend preacher of the Gospel, who had to 'muffle his conscience,' in a thick wrapper for the occasion, shewed up radicalism in style. Speeches from the three gentlemen, as actually delivered, as actually heard in the body of a church, and as authentically published by themselves on the third day after they were pronounced, have truly shewn the orators of sedition, not certainly in a worse guise than they were known to be in reality, but certainly in the most efficient form that could be contrived to expose absurd pretensions, dishonesty, immorality and shame. We are, however, thankful for the absurd display. For such was the power of the oratory—the boldness of invading and polluting the altar of God—the impudent impiety of an ir-reverend preacher, with a 'muffled conscience' in his bosom, that converts have been made—we are proud to confess it,...converts have been made to the path of duty...to the constitution and the laws. The meeting was a foolish farce, calculated for an effect on the distant parts of the province, where the head of the faction was straggling, but here the effects were to open the eyes of people to see the clever foot in the pretended patriotism of bad men.

There is one thing connected with the revolutionary agitators of this Province

which has never been seen in relation to any country that had real, substantial cause for complaint. When the Poles and the Greeks rose up against their oppressors, they had the sympathy of all civilized nations. The complaints of our agitators are louder than ever were the complaints of the Greeks and the Poles. But have they the sympathy of other nations? What do all the journals of the United States, that have noticed our affairs at all, except one, say for their encouragement? They treat them as the complaints of spoiled children, and deny *in toto* that their grievances are identical with, or in any way similar to the grievances of the old colonies, and therefore they have no sympathy for them. Having understood that, in case of coming to a physical struggle, our revolutionists expect assistance from the States, the journals of the Republic, tell them plainly that their expectations will be vain. They do not want to have any thing to do with them. They have territory enough, and more States in the Union, they think, that are for their good. Had there been a real cause for complaint, would this have been the language of our neighbours, or any nation, with regard to an oppressed, suffering people? We know not. It never has been so, where oppression demanded sympathy.

The acts of violence connected with the meetings which have occurred at St. Thomas and in the county of the Two Mountains, characterize them stronger than any language can do. We doubt if it is consistent with the boasted 'wary' character of their authors, to continue the prominent part they have taken in them. Perhaps, however, they mean to tell the people 'we are ready.' At all events a few hours would take them into the United States, where, however they might remain morally responsible for the evils they have occasioned, 'the halters' would not be 'about their necks' according to the expression of their writer L. M. N.—Quebec Gazette.

It is understood that the Directors of the Banks of Upper Canada have decided on not availing themselves of the provisions of the late act. The determination to continue specie payments was carried, it is stated, (we know not how correctly,) by a vote of eight to six.—Mont. Gaz.

UNITED STATES.

The brig Midas of Baltimore, arrived at Havana about the 6th instant, had \$10,000 in specie stolen from the cabin—all hands on board. Governor Tacon, with his accustomed decision, put all parties in the Moro Castle.

Greenville, S. C.—The wheat harvest on the upper country is nearly over, and seldom has the farmer been as well rewarded for his labour, as by the present crop. It has certainly been many years since the harvest, throughout the Southern States has yielded so beautifully, or such large beautiful grain; and never was it more needed, for last year's crop had become very scarce and was selling at this place for \$1 per bushel by the wagon load. The weather has recently been very fine for harvesting, and many of the farmers are thrashing out their wheat some of which has already been converted into flour.—N. Y. Express.

Two immense Russian merchant ships—the burthen of each being nearly, one thousand tons—entered our harbour on Tuesday from Bremen. They have on board about 40,000 bushels of wheat, and 12,000 to 15,000 bushels of rye, besides 749 passengers.—Balt. Amer.

Death Bed Confession.... Most of our readers will perhaps recollect the name of John R. Buzzell, who was indicted and tried some two years and a half ago, for having been engaged in the celebrated convent riot. He was acquitted upon his trial. We learn from the best authority, that Buzzell is since dead; and that upon his deathbed, he confessed himself to have been one of those who set fire to the convent....*Bost. Atlas.*

There is nothing new of importance for the land, particularly that against smuggling, much less is it permitted to absolve those who transgress these laws. The King's health was drank with an enthusiasm that could not be described. The six Bishops, and the clergy there present, rose up as one man in token of their loyalty & respect, when the King's health was drank. All the Priests immediately gave testimony of their full approbation of the advice which came from the mouth of their Chief Pastor.

The inference from the whole is, as the patriotic Editor of L'Ami du Peuple heads the article, 'Religion versus Papineau.'

The Journals of the United States are against Papineau—the English inhabitants of Canada, who understand the advantages of a free Government as well, at least, as any people, are against Papineau.

We are informed that his Excellency, the Governor in Chief, was hung up in effigy, by the patriots of St. Charles, at the village Debartzch. This village is no longer to bear the name of the Hon. Councillor. It is to be changed for that of Papineau. That is right. The name of this firebrand should be employed to designate a place so infamously disgraced. Shall not his Excellency, as he ought, investigate this disgraceful demonstration of popular folly, and punish the miscreants who were guilty.

Agitation.... The Speaker of the House of Assembly of this Province, who returned to Montreal on Tuesday the 11th inst. from his excursion in this district, seems to find himself in his element again. He attended the 'Central Committee' at Montreal on Thursday, and on Monday crossed over with Dr. O'Callaghan of the *Vindicator*, to attend a meeting at l'Acadie. There are instances where members of legislative bodies attend and take an active part in promoting party meetings; but we believe it is only in Lower Canada where the Speaker, the moderator of one branch of the Legislature, the impartial preserver of order and decorum among all parties assumes the character alluded to above. It is only in Lower Canada where the highly honorable situation of Speaker of the Representative branch has been made an office of profit, and tens of thousands of pounds, collected from all

classes of subjects in the province, given to an individual to become the leader of a party, or a faction, and its active missionary in disseminating hatred and disorder throughout the country.

The acts of violence connected with the meetings which have occurred at St. Thomas and in the county of the Two Mountains, characterize them stronger than any language can do. We doubt if it is consistent with the boasted 'wary' character of their authors, to continue the prominent part they have taken in them. Perhaps, however, they mean to tell the people 'we are ready.'

At all events a few hours would take them into the United States, where, however they might remain morally responsible for the evils they have occasioned, 'the halters' would not be 'about their necks' according to the expression of their writer L. M. N.—Quebec Gazette.

Married,
On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Reid, Mr. Hall Gilbert, Jr. of Durham, to Miss Electa Chadbourne, of this parish,

A LL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a certain Promissory Note in favor of JAMES GILLIN,

and signed by the subscribers for the sum of about

\$73,60,

and dated at Brome, on or about the 16th June, 1836, as no other consideration has been received of him by them than the surrender of the spurious Note, which the public had, by the undersigned Helen P. Jackson, been cautioned from purchasing, as the Nos. 1, 2 & 4 of the 2d Volume of this Journal shew, and said spurious Note since it came into her possession, having been shewn to Elijah Rice, to whom it purported to be payable, he hath upon oath, denied ever having received of the late DR. GEORGE W. JACKSON, the apparent signer thereof.

HELEN P. JACKSON,
JOHN JACKSON.
Brome, 15th July, 1837.

Pork,

FOR SALE by the barrel or smaller quantity,
RODMAN WHITMAN.
Abbott's Corner, 25th July, 1837.

Wanted,

A First rate BOOT & SHOE MAKER.
Any such, possessing a good character, will hear of an excellent situation by applying at this office.

July 16th, 1837.

V3 14—2w

Wool Carding.

THE subscriber would beg to intimate to his friends and the public, that his CARDING MACHINES are in complete order for business; and that he holds himself ready to card wool for three cents per pound, cash down; four cents, in January next, and five cents at the end of the year.

R. V. V. FREELIGH.

Freelighsburg, June 12 1837.

Valuable PROPERTY TO BE LET!!

THE subscriber is disposed to let for a term of years, the whole of his property at

BEDFORD,

consisting of a Grist-Mill, containing seven Run of Stones, including the necessary machinery for making Oatmeal, a Carding-Machine

AND Clothier's Shop, a Turning Lathe, propelled by water;—and after the first of November, his

Saw-Mill, Store, Ware-House, Distillery, & Dwelling House, at present occupied by

P. H. MOORE, Esq.

He will also let for a term of years, his Sawing Establishment, at the Lower Falls, on Pike River.

The above property is well situated for business, perhaps not surpassed by any other in the country; and will be let separately to different persons, if required. The terms will be made favorable. The Lessee will, however, be required to keep it at all times in a perfect state of repair; a suitable allowance will be made in the estimation of rent for this purpose.

ROBERT JONES.

Bedford, June 17, 1837.

V3 10tf

A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, MR. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

Commercial



HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

JOHN BAKER.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

LOST!

A note of hand drawn in favor of the subscriber and signed by James Harrington, for the sum of fifteen Dollars, bearing date sometime in the month of September last, and payable first day of December next.

N. B. All persons are forbid buying or disowning the said note.

WILLIAM D. SMITH.

Shefford, 4th April, 1837.

V3 2—12w

St. Johns & Troy



STAGE.

New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy. Along the valleys of the Pike and Missiskou Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverhill, Concord, and Lowell; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stanstead Lines; the former passing through Hardwick.

This Line will leave St. Johns on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast, passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge, Freelighsburg, Richford, Sutton and Potton, and arrive at Troy Monday, Thursday, & Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock and arrive at St. Johns, in summer, in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to Montreal, & in winter passengers will take the St. Johns and Montreal Stage.

The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, & careful drivers, recommend this route to the public, as being the shortest, levellest, easiest, & most expeditious one, from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be taken for the Rail Road, contemplated to connect the two Cities.

FARE—3 Dollars, each way.

J. CLARK, J. BALCH, C. ELKINS, A. SEARS, H. BORIGHT, H. M. CHANDLER, Pro-
prietors, February, 1837.

LIST OF LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at

FREELIGHSBURG.

on the 31st ult.

Rev. J. Gleed, 2 Capt. Hawley,
Joshua Lacey, care of H. M. Chandler,
George W. Ayer, Zer Leonard,
John Krans, Miss C. Westover,
Mr. Demick, George Upton,
Jane Cook, Philip Timmer,
Christopher Morey, Thomas A. Carr,
Bandana Smith, Daniel McMillian,
Jane Perkins,

From Laprairie.

Cars, by Locomotive.

9 o'clock, A. M. 10 o'clock, A. M.

1 P. M. 3 P. M.

5 P. M. 6 P. M.

From St. Johns.

Cars, by Locomotive.

5 o'clock, A. M.

0 P. M. 10 1/2 P. M.

4 P. M. 3 P. M.

2 P. M. 1 P. M.

From Laprairie.

Princess Victoria.

6 o'clock, A. M.

10 1/2 P. M. 3 P. M.

2 P. M. 1 P. M.

From St. Johns.

Cars, by Locomotive.

8 o'clock, A. M.

2 P. M. 3 P. M.

And from Laprairie, the Boat will leave on arrival of the Cars, and the Cars on arrival of the Boat.

First class Passengers through . . . 5s. 0d.

Second do . . . do . . . 2s. 6d.

To and from St. Johns or Montreal same day . . . 7s. 6d.

Children half price . . .

Application for freight or passage from Montreal to be made on board the Princess Victoria.

A DREAM.

I dream'd, gentle reader, Oh! what did I dream? Of the beautiful meadow—the beautiful stream, Of the stars in their splendor—the queen of the night, The sun in meridian glory, and bright, Of the songsters of nature in the midsummer's breeze, As their melody warbles among the green trees— Of zephyrs most lightsome...or the hurricane's swell, Or the grand works of nature, the cavern and dell, Of Niagara's roar, or the smooth silver river, Of the forests...or Indian with bow & with quiver, Of ocean's deep caves, and her coral bed, Of the homes of the living...the graves of the dead, Of the proud gallant ship with her pinions unfur'd, With tidings from nations throughout the wide world? Oh no, gentle reader, excuse me if you please, I really did dream, but not about THESE. Did I dream of young friendships forgotten—renew'd, Of mischievous malice forgiven...subdu'd, Of an epistle from a far distant friend, For whose oft to heaven my prayers would ascend, Of or the arrival of one much belov'd, Whose disinterestedness often was prov'd, Of poems, and medals, and tales and their prizes, Of news domestic...and foreign advices, Of modern improvements...of masonry and trade, Of rail roads, and bridges, and how they are made, Of the wars of the nations...rebellion of States, Or the President's message, and Congress debates? Oh no, not of these, gentle reader, I dream'd, But something more strange to the FINTER it seem'd; I dream'd the old year had expir'd like a taper, That I'd sent to the Office and paid for my paper; I awoke in the morning and found my dream true, And may it be thus, gentle reader, with you.

THE UNFORGIVEN.

Wat Shea was the son of a small farmer residing in one of the southern counties, & being a remarkably well behaved young man, and very attentive to the concerns of his father's farm, he was generally beloved by all that knew him; and considered of a character so worthy and inoffensive, that to have their sons seen in his company, was the ambition of every respectable farmer in the parish. Unfortunately, as it afterwards turned out, he was, like almost all young men of his class in this country, passionately addicted to athletic exercises, and feats of personal strength, in which, from his great activity, he remained at last without a rival. He had enjoyed this pre-eminence with the concurrence of all his associates for a considerable time, when the arrival of a farmer from a neighbouring county, who took some ground in the district, raised up against him a formidable rival. This man had one son, who being a first-rate hand at such exercises, and unrivalled in the county from whence he came, began to nourish a strong feeling of jealous rivalry against Shea, as soon as he heard of his superiority in the sports of which he considered himself the master, and took every opportunity of letting it be seen by their mutual companions. This conduct soon had the inevitable effect of giving rise to correspondent feelings in the breast of the man he sought to provoke; and Wat soon gave symptoms, whenever his rival was present, of possessing that latent spirit of uncontrollable fierceness which exists in such a remarkable degree in the nature of the Irish peasant, and is very often found strongest in men whose general conduct, when it is at rest, is most correct and irreproachable.

This jealousy, from small beginnings, soon assumed a character of fixed inveteracy. At first it only showed itself in disparaging remarks, made by both young men, whenever they heard each other's qualifications spoken of; but this state of native hostility soon assumed a more open and active appearance; and they were frequently to be found struggling personally for the meed of conquest. It was not long till these contentions caused a split amongst the young men of the neighbourhood, some of whom had in secret nourished sentiments of enmity to Wat on account of his superior prowess, & were glad to gratify them by taking part with the stranger.—Various were the trials which took place between the two rivals, without any decisive results; however, the prize seemed generally to lean to the new comer, whose great size and strength certainly rendered him more than a match for his adversary. The consciousness of this inflamed Shea's anger the more, and at length he proposed that their rivalry should be brought to a fair test, by a general hurling match between the two factions.

On the day appointed for the grand struggle, the adherents of the rival leaders, Shea and Leary, assembled at the time specified; and a space having been marked out, the contest commenced with equal eagerness and bad feeling; both the rivals placing themselves so, that they should come in contact as often as possible. For a long time the fate of the game was doubtful, the two parties alternately enjoying the smiles of fortune: but at last Leary's faction began to have the best of it, being generally composed of the most active young men, who from being more nearly on an equality with Shea, were necessarily the first to join his antagonist. Irritated beyond measure at seeing his enemy on the point of winning the game, Wat used the most extraordinary endeavours to renew the hopes of his party, and such was the success that attended his efforts, that victory began to be doubtful. This momentary success aroused Leary to additional action. Enraged at seeing the game almost snatched from his hand by the prowess of a single man, he in turn redoubled his efforts; and for a time the changes of the game appeared in a great measure to depend on the action of the two leaders. Unfortunately at this moment they met in

such close contact, that a bodily struggle became inevitable. Both were young, strong, and active, and stimulated by a ferocious emulation, they struggled for the fall, for some time with equal success, until at length, the superior strength of Leary was near giving him the palm; when Shea, who was an expert wrestler, suddenly closed with his antagonist, seized him round the waist, lifted him from his feet, and then dashed him to the ground with tremendous impetus, turning the butend of his hurly against the breast of his antagonist in the fall, and coming down on him with all his weight.—In a moment Shea jumped up light and active, but Leary stirred not—he lay for dead at the feet of the vanquisher. The but of the hurly had done its work, or, as the bye standers expressed themselves, 'his heart was bruck.'

It was then, when too late, that Wat Shea's better nature began to show itself. In an agony of grief he used every exertion to recover his inanimate rival, but in vain. At length the body was carried home, where plentiful bleeding, and the exertions of the village surgeon, in short time restored animation to the sufferer. When he opened his eyes, the first face that met his view, of all those who leaned over his bed, was that of the now repentant Shea.

'Tim Leary, Tim Leary,' he exclaimed in deep grief, 'forgive me for what I have done, I was savage an' didn't know what I was about.'

The vanquished man glared on his victor for a moment with an eye of inveterate hatred, and answered in a voice calm and composed—

'Wat Shea, it was done like a murderer...my blood be at your door...I'll never forgive you!'

'At this moment the entry of the priest, who had been hastily sent for to attend the dying man, prevented further conversation, and compelled all in the room to withdraw; but as they only retired to the passage outside the door, it was easy for them to overhear any thing particular that might occur within. For a short time they could distinguish nothing above the usual low hum, which marks in such cases, the intercourse between the Roman Catholic priest, and those whom he is called to attend. However, shortly, the voice of the former became more loud, it appeared earnestly entreating some particular favour from the wounded hurler, but without effect. After the lapse of a few minutes the door opened, and the confessor beckoned them in.

'My good people,' said he, as they entered, 'come and assist me in urging this misguided young man from the present bent of his mind. He is about to die in the commission of a deadly sin—he refuses forgiveness to his enemies.'

They went over to the bed-side; the wounded Leary was evidently in his last moments, again his eye met that of the weeping Wat, and a dark shade settled on his brow.

'Wat Shea,' said he, in a broken tone, 'my blood be upon your head—I'll never forgive you.'

A slight convulsion passed over his frame, his eye became fixed, his jaw fell—he was dead. Those who were present at that awful moment, long afterwards remembered the look of deadly inveteracy with which the dying hurler regarded his vanquisher.

'I'm afraid,' remarked old Leary, when speaking some time after on the subject, 'I'm afraid the boy'll have a dark end after all.'

Weeks passed away after the burial of the hurler, and time began, as usual, to blunt the grief which his family entertained for his loss. Even the remorse in which Shea indulged for some time after the fatal occurrence, was perceptibly yielding to the influence, and the soothing attention which his whole family vied in bestowing on him. But it made one remarkable change in his general conduct. From the day of the fatal conflict, he studiously shunned the society of his former associates, and gave up the exercises in which he before so much delighted. To the frequent remonstrances on his inactivity of those who had adopted him as a leader, he turned a deaf ear, and always met their solicitations with a calm but decided negative; always accompanying the refusal with a recommendation to them to give up such pursuits, as likely to 'end in no good.' Weary with his perseverance, they at length discontinued further persuasion, and went in pursuit of a more amenable comrade. Left to himself he turned his whole attention to the care of his father's property, and attended to it with such diligence, that the gratified parent thought himself too happy in the possession of such a son, and used often fondly to anticipate the comfort he would enjoy in declining age, from his steadiness & sobriety. In this state of uninterrupted tranquillity the Sheas remained during the summer; but the catastrophe was approaching, so well foreseen by the father of Leary.

It happened late one night, in harvest time, when the family were as usual collected round the kitchen fire, that Wat suddenly recollecting having left open a gate leading from the fields where the cows were pastured, into a large tract of unripe corn. Fear lest they should get in and trample down the crop, made him start up, and signify his determination to go immediately and close it. Some indefinable presentiment of evil had been hanging over the mother during the whole day. She earnestly conjured him to forego his intention, telling him at the same time of the fears that oppressed her. The superstition

of the Irish peasantry is well known. At first her words made a strong impression on her son, and his face whitened perceptibly at her earnestness of action; but speedily recovering himself, he called to mind the (to them) serious loss which would accrue, was the heard to be left ranging the corn during the entire night, and endeavored to impress the consequences on her, but in vain; she still remained inexorable, and refused to agree to his going out. At length, the anxious father, who was also fully alive to the loss which he might sustain if the young man's apprehension should prove true, advanced from the arm-chair which he occupied at the fire-side, and signified his determination to end the dispute by going himself. This movement at once decided the controversy, and Cauth Shea agreed to her son's departure without further opposition, being well aware that, when the deed was to be done, Wat was the fittest messenger; as age and its accompanying infirmities, were already fast rendering her husband unfit for active exercise. She accordingly attended him to the door, and dismissed him with a trembling prayer for his safety.

As soon as Wat had departed, his sisters endeavoured, by renewing the conversation, to draw away their mother's attention from the fears which alarmed her, but their endeavours were without success. Still she listened in breathless terror to the sigh of the night breeze as it fitfully moaned by the cabin, as if she thought its voice was about to herald the approach of misfortune. At length, when sufficient time had elapsed to allow of her son's return, without his having made his appearance, her fears began to be shared by the rest of her family, and every ear was anxiously bent to catch the first sounds of his approach, but still no step rewarded their watchfulness. Half an hour more passed in this silent and sorrowful suspense, with out the wished for sound saluting their ears. It was then that poor Cauth Shea, thinking her worst fears realized, burst into a passionate fit of lamentation, and paced the floor of her humble kitchen, wringing her hands in the most intense grief. Her husband more surprised than alarmed at Wat's stay, affectionately demanded why she troubled herself so much at a very natural occurrence; reminding her of the peaceful state of the country, the shortness of the distance he had to go, and the little likelihood there was of any accident happening to him on the way. To all this she only answered,

'Oh! Tim Leary's last words—they are always afore me, since ever I heard them tould.'

Another half hour having elapsed without tidings of the absent Wat, the old man became himself greatly alarmed, and set out, despite of every remonstrance, to explore the way, and make out the cause of his delay. In about twenty minutes he returned in a dreadful state of agitation, bearing in his hand the straw hat of his son, which he found in the field where the cattle were grazing; nothing further, however, he had learned of him, notwithstanding all his search. But, though so much alarmed himself, he strove to comfort his listeners with the hope, that the young man had met with some friends on the way, who had carried him off to a wake which was holding at some distance. Whilst the rest of the family were consoling themselves with this conclusion, the mother remained uncomfited.

In this state of uncertainty they remained for an hour longer, when suddenly the approach of footsteps gave new life to all; but their joy was of short duration, for on a nearer approach the tread appeared far too slow and too heavy to belong to the light and active Wat. They looked at each other as the noise approached, & a strange mixture of fear and doubt prevented any movement, until a heavy push at the door, as if the stranger had thrown himself against it, accompanied by a deep moan, roused the unhappy mother to action, and she hastily arose from the settle on which she was sitting, and undid the latch. The moment the door was opened, a man rushed in, gave a loud cry, and fell senseless near the fire—it was Wat Shea.

It would be needless to relate all the measures taken by the agonized mother, assisted by the rest of the family, to restore animation to the lifeless body of her son. Let it suffice, that he was hastily borne to bed, where, in the course of a short time, their endeavours were crowned with success. On first opening his eyes the patient gave a deep groan and,

'Tim Leary, Tim Leary I he exclaimed, with a convulsive sort of horror, 'you've had your revenge at last.' Then perceiving his mother, who watched over him with breathless solicitude, he concluded, 'mother, send for the priest—I'm dying.' He was a corpse before morning.

The relation which he gave was wild and strange to a degree. When he arrived at the field, he stated he proceeded towards the gate which he had left open, but had got only a short distance, when his progress was arrested by the appearance of some moving object fixed right in his path. On approaching it he perceived a large white dog facing him, as if ready to oppose his further advance. A sudden terror came over him, he continued, such as he had never known before, and he drew back a few steps; but still as he retreated his pursuer advanced with equal pace, increasing, it appeared, in size at every step. Terrified at the apparition, he ran with the utmost speed towards the nearest ditch, and had nearly reached it, when, on looking back, he perceived the object of his alarm, now increased to an

immense size, close at his back, with its fore paws just descending on his shoulders, as if to bear him down, each eye of the gigantic phantom red as a flaming torch. In that moment, as he was hurled with tremendous violence to the earth, he declared that he distinctly heard the following words—'Wat Shea, I told you that I'll never forgive you.'

More he could not relate, save that, on reviving, he found himself deprived of all strength, and for a long time scarcely able to move a limb, like one after receiving a dreadful beating. In such a state he had reached his house, as already related. The most surprising feature of the story was, that his body exhibited no marks of outward violence whatever.

The circumstances detailed in the foregoing narrative, singular as they may appear, are corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the whole family of the unhappy man whose fate it details, as well as of many others cognizant of every circumstance in the extraordinary recital.

Squeezing times.... It is stated that over 500 pairs of corsets were sold at a store in Philadelphia in one day. This is 'presure' with a vengeance.

'Ah! bah!' exclaimed a bloated votary of Bacchus, as he gulphed down a dram of raw Cognac, 'that's the stuff for trouers !'

'For grave-clothes, you mean,' rejoined a by-stander.

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V3-14

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500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT

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Dry Goods,

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W. W. SMITH. V2-53

Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836.

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Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre,

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New Firm!

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